

BIOGRAPHICAL.

WILLIAM PARKER died in Vassboro' on the 13th of May, 1845, in the 47th year of his age. He was converted 9 years ago, immediately joined the church, and has since been a faithful member, and most of the time a leader in our church. His sickness was long and discouraging, but his patience continued to the close of life. His end was peace and joy. He rests, having died in Christ, while afflicted friends mourn his absence.

Vassboro', June 6, 1845. GEO. PRATT.

ROSSETTE P., only daughter of B. L. Wiggins, died of consumption in Warner, N. H., June 30, aged nearly 19 years. She experienced religion about six years ago, and joined the M. E. Church in this place, since which time she has lived a faithful and devoted member. Her death is a great loss to her friends. She was a very amiable and pious young woman. She was a member of the church, and her death is a great loss to her friends. She was a very amiable and pious young woman. She was a member of the church, and her death is a great loss to her friends.

Henniker, July 4, 1845. SAMUEL PRESCOTT.

Dr. GUSTAVUS B. SANBORN died at the house of his father in New Hampton, N. H., May 10, 1845, in the 27th year of his age. Dr. S. was converted about seven years since, connected himself with the M. E. Church, and continued in the service of God until discharged by death. For more than a year previous to his death he was unable to labor, and he manifested his attachment to the public and social worship of God by attending as far as his feeble health would permit, and his example was an admonition to many, who under more favorable circumstances neglect those ordinances of God. Most of the last three weeks he was deprived of his reason, but we have the best of all evidences, a Christian life, that he died in peace.

Bristol, June 10, 1845. N. W. ASPENWALL.

HANNAH, consort of Josiah, and mother of our lamented Dr. Fisk, died at her residence in Coventry, Vt., March 27, aged 84. Sister Fisk had been a professor of religion 56 years and a member of the M. E. Church 46. She died in peace. Coventry, June 23, 1845. J. WHITNEY.

P. S. Printers in Vermont please notice.

Mrs. LUCY HICKS died in Topsham, Vt., May 20, 1845, aged 64 years and 6 months. Her husband, Moses Hicks, Esq., who lived in Topsham, died in the year 1793. They lived to enjoy each other's society almost half a century, and now are separated only for a few days. Sister Hicks was converted sixteen years since and has lived a consistent Christian. She was a member of the M. E. Church. She died in the triumph of faith with a good hope of a blissful immortality.

East Corinth, June 30, 1845. F. Q. BARROWS.

Miss EMILY F., daughter of Wm. C. and Lucy M. Smith, died in Grantham, N. H., June 8, 1845, aged 24. Sister Smith experienced religion about three years since, but owing to peculiar circumstances did not join the church. Yet I believe it was acknowledged by all who knew her, that she maintained a consistent Christian life till called to her reward. The disease of which she died was scrofula consumption, which, during the last few months, produced great suffering, yet she was resigned and "more than conqueror through the blood of the Lamb," leaving the world in triumph, exhorting her friends to meet her in heaven.

Lebanon, N. H. C. L. McCURDY.

Miss LAURA ANN HATCH died in Lebanon, N. H., June 14th, 1845, aged 28. She experienced religion some two years ago, but like too many had her light under a bushel until it nearly or quite went out. When arrested by consumption she felt that she was not prepared to die. She again earnestly sought and as we were obtained the renewing grace of God. The morning that she died the Lord restored her strength of voice so that she was enabled to converse audibly and distinctly with her friends, although for weeks before she could not speak above a whisper, exhorting them all to meet her in heaven. Those who were converted she could not leave until she obtained a promise they would seek the Lord. O many those solemn promises be redeemed.

C. L. McCURDY.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A TOUCHING STORY—A TRUE HEROINE.

The Irish as a nation are often accused of insincerity; and it must be confessed that, judging by the standard of our duller temperament, their professions of attachment do often appear unfeeling and exaggerated. Yet where in truth do you meet with more touching instances of real, unselfish devotion, than are sometimes exhibited by the poor uneducated sons and daughters of Hibernia?

A case in point occurred not many weeks ago, in this city. A young physician, greatly beloved by his friends and associates, was taken suddenly ill; after remaining a day or two at his own office, deprived, unavoidably, of all those soothing attentions which none but woman can offer in the hour of sickness, the young man grew rapidly worse, and the kind lady at whose table he took his meals, generously insisted upon his instant removal to her own house, that he might be within reach of that careful attendance which the alarming peculiarities of his case demanded. The disease was scarlet fever of the most malignant and dangerous type.

On the day of his arrival, among other inquiries there came a tidy, respectfully dressed girl—an Irish girl—with many, very many and most anxious questions as to the patient's condition—and when they had all been answered—when every thing had been told her of good or bad, connected with his disorder—she lingered still, still hesitated as though there was yet something in her heart that could not find its proper utterance.

"Are you acquainted with Dr. —?" "My good girl?" asked the lady. "Do I know him?" "O yes," she knew him well—quite well—knew him long before he came from the old country. He had once attended her through a long and dangerous illness; and—how boast forth the pen-painter's credit—he had surely saved her life by his skill and care, and she came to ask the kind lady—could she—might she—only be permitted just to stay in the house until his recovery, and in her turn watch over and wait upon him?

She had been living out, it appeared, in the neighborhood, as a nursery maid; but her employers could not find of scarlet fever, objected to her daily visits of inquiry at the Doctor's office, so the affectionate creature had unhesitatingly given up a good place and hastened away delighted with the thought of being useful to her benefactor, and showing her gratitude for his former kindness by tendering her services to him as nurse.

A look of scrutiny, turned upon her as she told

her simple story, was met by one so thoroughly pure and honest in its expression, that after a moment's pause, a willing consent was given to the arrangement, and with needless tread, but with an expression of relief as if the weight of a world had been lifted from her bosom, the warm-hearted girl landed up stairs and took her station at the bedside of the patient.

It was a melancholy case altogether. The mother and three sisters of the young man, though written to, were as yet far away, and his weary hours were still further embittered by the knowledge that if he died they would be left utterly destitute—the property upon which they all lived being entailed upon him, the only son, and reverting at his death to the next male heir of the family.

But to return to the more immediate subject of this sketch. From the hour of her first assuming the duties of nurse, she never left him, day or night, for a single moment, unless to bring for his comfort and relief such things as the other girls of the house, for fear of infection, were too much terrified to carry up to him. The symptoms soon became too marked to leave any more than a faint hope of ultimate recovery, but the courageous girl never suffered her feelings to overcome her; her manner is described as calm and self-possessed to a singular degree, the features generally motionless, and the voice without a trace of agitation in its tone.

Once indeed, and once only, towards the last, she was seen outside his room door, her hands pressed convulsively against her eyes, and her bosom heaving with emotion. But the tears were resolutely forced back—the feeling bravely gulped down, and in one moment more the devoted girl had turned the handle with a quiet touch, and resumed her duties by the bed of death.

The poor sufferer was attended by a host of medical friends, but the flat had gone forth: a "still small voice" had whispered to him, and he knew that he must die. And he did die, calling upon his mother and wondering how she would be able to bear the tidings of his loss.

And all the exclamations of sorrow and consolation around, not one word was spoken by the poor girl who had been his untiring watcher so long. A stranger might have almost imagined her an uninterested spectator of the scene—a hireling who cared not for her charge—but those who knew her better could observe that she never moved from his side—never lost sight of him for a single instant. It was she who closed the starting lids—laid upon the head, and prepared him for the coffin. And all in utter silence—not a word of sorrow came from her lips. The pale cheek and trembling hand were the only interpreters of the feelings with which she did it.

At length the last sad offices were to be performed. They persuaded her to leave the room for a short time, and when she returned, the body was removed from the bed, and the coffin—O, bitter disappointment!—the coffin was *severed* down. Then indeed a wail of despair escaped her lips. She could see no reason for such haste—there was still plenty of time before them—and what had she done that she should not be allowed one look, one last look—before they took him away and shut him up for ever?

Being made to understand, after a time, the necessity in such cases of immediate burial, she suffered the men to depart without further remonstrance; but within the next half hour she had quietly borrowed a screw driver—saw herself into the room—withdraw every screw in the coffin lid—and gazed, O, who shall say with what bitterness of feeling?—upon the face within; then fastening the lid down again, remained tranquil, my almost happy, in the thought that her hand was the last that had laid upon his brow—her eye the last that had rested upon his features.

After the funeral, when the few valuables belonging to the deceased were collected together, she was asked whether she would not wish to keep something in remembrance of him; and was told that she might take for that purpose anything she pleased.

"May I?—sure, then, I'll take that," laying her hand eagerly upon it. It was an old handkerchief, soiled and discolored, which she *gave* *me* *last* *night* *when* *she* *was* *ill* *and* *she* *had* *been* *in* *her* *bed* *for* *the* *last* *few* *days* *of* *her* *illness* *and* *which* *in* *the* *hurry* *and* *confusion* *had* *been* *left* *on* *the* *bed* *just* *where* *it* *had* *been* *thrown* *after* *the* *death*.

The friends urged her to make another choice,—"No," she would have that, and only that.

"They asked her to take something in addition, at all events; something of more value."

"No, no—nothing but that—she wanted nothing more."

One gentleman pointed out the possible danger of her selection, and warned her at least not to hold it so near her person.

But by this time the poor girl had become impatient at the opposition. It mine *not*—sure, sure I may do what I like with my own."

And with the word, the handkerchief was drawn tight round her throat and the two ends thrust deep within her bosom; and one who stood nearest her could hear the almost whispered words, "He did me nothing but good in life and I'm sure he won't hurt me now."

It is unnecessary to say with what feelings the relatives looked upon her when they heard of her devotion to the lost son and brother; she was immediately offered a home among them, but it was gratefully declined: her duty was accomplished, and she preferred returning to the lowly and self-denying course of life in which her lot had been cast.

—N. Y. Com. Adv.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT.

O stream, flow ever fresh and full,

That gleamest through the plain!

For thou the poet's spirit returns,

Thou keep'st his heart with rapture

And when thy loud blossoms die

In autumn's chilly showers,

The winter's fainting gush for thee,

Till May brings back the flowers.

O stream of life! the violet springs

But once beside thy bed;

But once thy life among thy path

The dew of heaven are shed;

Thy potent fountains shrink away

And close their crystal veins;

And when thy glittering waters ran,

The dust alone remains.

BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT.

COLORS OF FLOWERS.—We observe in the Cincinnati Atlas an account of a beautiful experiment to test the dependence of the color of flowers upon the various salts contained in the earth. The stem of a beautiful white rose was placed in a solution of sulphate of iron, and upon being examined the next morning, the petals were changed to a delicate primrose, the leaves to a dark bluish green, and the wood of the stem to a deep blue.

The fragrance of the flower remained unchanged. The rationale of these singular changes seems to be as follows: The prussiate of potash is taken up by capillary attraction, and distributed through every part of the plant. The same is the case with the sulphate of iron. As soon as the two solutions are brought in contact, the iron, acting as a reagent, revives the prussian blue, which forms the base of prussiate of potash. This beautiful experiment can be tried by any one, care being taken that the solutions are not too strong.

When you reprove your neighbor's character, remember that the blot will soon disappear from his character, while it will stick fast to yours.

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

BY W. W. LEGGETT.

Though life's a dark and stormy path,

Its goal the silent tomb;

Yet some spots of sunshine hath,

That smile and cheer the gloom.

The friend, who weal and woe partakes,

Who kindly soothes the heart that aches,

Is sure a sunny spot.

The wife, who half our burden bears,

And utters not a murmur;

Whose ready hand wipes off our tears,

Uncheered all her own;

Who treasures every kindly word,

And carols forth a glad song—

Is sure a sunny spot.

The child, who lifts at morn and eve,

In prayer its holy voice;

Who grieves when we're the parents' grief,

And joys when they rejoice;

In whose bright eyes young Genius glows,

Whose heart, without a blot,

Is fresh and pure as summer's rose,

The child's a sunny spot.

There's yet upon life's weary road,

One spot of brighter glow,

Where sorrow hath forgot its load,

And tears no longer flow;

Friendship may yet, with love decline,

But yet undimmed that spot will shine—

Religious lights that spot.

For Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

REV. ROBERT VALLEYBEE.

There is now residing in a remote though central part of Maine, a venerable old man, one of the pioneers of Methodism in this country, Rev. Robert Valleybee, a native of England. He was born in New-eastle, Northumberland County, England, in 1766. He had one brother, Thomas, between whose age and his own there were 24 hours difference, who is now a native of Shields, England.

He relates many interesting anecdotes of persecutions which he received in the land of his nativity while a local preacher, one of which we will relate. While on his way to an appointment he was informed of an individual who was intending to take his life. Nothing daunted, trusting in God, he went forward and commenced his meeting.

After the introductory exercises he selected for a text, "So unto him that speaketh with his Maker." Isaiah ix. 6. He belabored before him a man whose countenance betrayed a raging war of contending passions in his breast. The sermon proceeded. The power of the Most High descended. Presently a long knock dropped from the sleeve of the man to the floor. At the close of the discourse he came forward trembling and weeping, confessed the intention of his heart, and begged for prayers.

In 1796 he was ordained Elder by Bishop Coke for the Fourth mission, Africa. I have before me his certificate of ordination written by the Doctor on parchment. He styles himself Thomas Coke, Bishop of the M. E. Church, and Doctor of Civil Law. Soon he is in company with others embarked for Sierra Leone. Their ship came to anchor in the harbor at night. In the morning, as the sea presented a mirror surface, the proud ship rolled by the undulating swell, the cloudless sky was tinged with a crimson hue contrasted with a bright bronze; hundreds of human beings might be seen gathering on the shore. Soon the placid calm was disturbed by the swift plied paddles and gliding canoes with which the water was interspersed. As they approached the ship they sang, and such singing, says Mr. Y., I never had heard.

"How beautiful are their feet,

Who stand on Zion's hill."

As, as they had been informed that there were missionaries on board, in which they were joined by those in the ship. They came to welcome that ship to their shores. It bore no weapons of their limbs or weapons of destruction for their torture, but it bore that to them,

"More precious than silver or gold,

Or all that this earth can afford."

Here was a sublime spectacle which cannot be imagined by Father Valleybee at this day without his lively weeping. They had torn asunder the ties which bound them to loved friends, leaving behind them on a far distant shore the home of their childhood and all that they held dear below. The groans of Africa's sons for the bread of life had reached them, and for the purpose of striking off their fetters of darkness they had embarked and been borne by wind and wave to this land of idolatry. Before them lay a vast field and they were but few. At their feet were hundreds raising to heaven a shout of praise for their arrival which seemed to mingle with that of the seraphic choir above. Perhaps their graves might yet be made on that land of heavenly peace as proved the case with some of them. But amidst the many thoughts that flew about their minds the high holy satisfaction which they felt at this hour seemed to compensate them for all their sacrifices. The missionaries could not refrain from weeping.

The Africans wept for joy. He speaks with fond remembrance of many scenes which transpired on Africa's coast. War some time afterward broke out, which, together with other circumstances, rendered it necessary for those living to leave. Mr. Y. sailed for America, joined Conference here, travelled in Rhode Island, where he became acquainted with an accomplished lady, Miss Hoxie, to whom he was subsequently married by Rev. J. Lee. He was appointed to the then Province of Maine, travelled on the Portland, Bath, and other Circuits, until at length on the account of the ill health of his wife, the increasing want of means to educate and render his family comfortable, and the meagre pittance which he received, he was under the necessity of leaving. He has listened to the preaching of Wesley, Clarke, and other eminent divines of a former period. He has associated with Asbury and many of our fathers, and is waiting again to associate with them in heaven. Our fathers, where are they?

ACOSTISE.

Corinth, July, 1845.

For Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

DECREES.

Mr. Editor.—The following conversation took place in a tavern, between a Methodist and Congregationalist clergyman, and as I was interested in hearing it, I thought some of your readers would be equally interested in reading it. The sentences are fresh in my recollection, and most of the language used to express them. The Congregationalist clergyman had been in the place but a short time, and the Methodist minister asked him "If he was pleased with his new situation, and if the people received him kindly, &c.?" To which he replied, that "his social intercourse had been very agreeable to himself," but remarked that "he had the misfortune to offend a Methodist lady."

"How was the offence given?" was the inquiry.

"By my saying that God had decreed every thing," he replied. "I was surprised," continued he, "for we all believe in decrees." Here quite a dialogue commenced, and I cannot do better than put it in *thine*.

Mr. M. "We have different views about decrees."

Con. "That indeed; but God must have decreed every thing, or he never could have known what would take place."

Mr. M. "We believe as firmly in the decrees of God as you do, and we teach the doctrine to our people. But we do not believe that He decreed whatsoever comes to pass before he had knowledge, or even knowledge of the future. Neither do we believe that to decree and to foreknow is one and the same thing."

Con. "What is the difference between decreeing and foreknowing? I see none."

Mr. M. "There is much difference. Knowledge is an attribute of God. Decree is an act or order. If God decreed what should take place before he knew what would take place, then it seems there was a time when God knew nothing. His knowledge was not from eternity, if he decreed before he knew."

Con. "How can God know that a man will be saved, if he has not decreed that he shall be saved?"

Mr. M. "In the same way that he knew that Adam would fall, without decreeing that he should fall. Or that some people will be lost, without decreeing that they shall be lost. If all things are decreed, or fore-determined, man cannot be guilty, for he does nothing except what God has decreed he shall do; consequently it is his glory."

The conversation was interrupted by travellers coming into the room, and I know not as it was introduced again.

While thinking of the conversation, I was deeply impressed with two facts, which to me were important. 1. If God has decreed man's actions, he is as much the "author of sin" as holiness. And if he is a God of justice, will he ever punish an individual for doing what he had decreed from all eternity that he should do. 2. If God has decreed every thing—not only the "end," but the "means," then we are to build our hopes of heaven on the decree of God, and not on the *abandonment*. For the *abandonment* of Jesus Christ is not sufficiently efficacious to save a soul from sin and hell, if God has not decreed that that soul shall enter heaven.

Maine, June, 1845.

PRESIDENT BASCOM'S REVIEW AND SLAVERY.

Cassius M. Clay thus speaks in a number of his new papers:—

"We have read this review carefully and painfully; as a chronicler of the times we would be doing him injustice to pass, with seeming indifference, this work, lying right across our path, so deeply mixed up with the engraving political movements of this and all countries. Yet we must let this cup pass from us: we venture to call Mr. Bascom our personal friend: we regard him as a man of large soul, but the victim of a false position; if we are right no reproaches are needed: if wrong, all would be in vain. We confess that we have, in spite of our attempt at neutrality, ever felt a certain softness about the heart when we are thrown in company with Methodists. When we have seen, in some of our mountain excursions, one of these self-denying men, on a salary of one hundred dollars a year, facing the rain and chill blasts of coming winter, alone among the bleak hills, with his Bible, searching out the remote occupant of some rude hovel in a deep ravine, or the mountain side, carrying with a confident and sympathizing spirit the hopes and the consolations of the gospel to the humble and the afflicted, without hope of earthly reward, we have said to ourselves, this is indeed a son of God: with him we will share our laurels and our laurels, ever felt a certain softness about the heart when we are thrown in company with Methodists. 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